ASHING DAY AFLOAT

hen the Sailor Lads In the Navy Turn Laundrymen.

HARD JOB IN BAD WEATHER

ach Man, With His Feet and Legs Bare, Scrubs His Own Clothes and Gets Them Ready For Inspection. "Jimmy Legs" and the "Lucky Bag."

Have you ever noticed how clean and ell dressed a sailor lad looks when n shore leave, how white his clothes ook when you board the ship on vis- ting days? But did you ever realize hat he was his own washerman?

With a shrill blast of his silver whis- le the chief boatswain's mate will pipe, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and very man hurries to his bucket, gets his soiled clothes, salt water soap, draws a bucket of briny or fresh wa- ter, as the case may be, and begins his washing.

He is generally barefooted at this time, so that he will not wet his shoes and stockings. He wears his trousers very bell shaped at the bottom in order that he may roll them up over the knee.

After scrubbing and rubbing his clothes until clean he turns them in- side out and with "stops" proceeds to get them ready for hanging up. These stops are short pieces of twine, twisted and with whipped ends, that he uses in lieu of clothespins. They are fas- tened in eyelets placed at the side seams and bottom of his shirts and the waistband of his trousers. He turns all his washed clothes inside out to prevent the right side getting soiled.

They are then hung on a line which, says the Youth's Companion, is run from the bow to the topmast or upper top of a fighting mast. The well in- formed man now usually puts his clothes to soak the night before in a bucket half full of water into which he has either sprinkled a handful of soap powder or a small piece of salt water soap. In the morning a little rubbing and his clothes are clean and hung up, while the "landlubber" has just begun.

When they have been thoroughly dried, the chief boatswain again pipes, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and every man rushes for the clothesline to claim his own. If he fails to secure them within a reasonable time, the master at arms, or "Jimmy Legs," takes them down, and they go into the "lucky bag." Then the only recourse the unlucky owner has is to go to the mast, or the "stick," as the court on board ship is commonly called, and pe- tition the "first luff," or executive offi- cer, to order them released.

As a rule, Jimmy Legs, who has charge of the cleanliness of the decks, always has extra cleaning, painting and so forth in mind, and the man whose clothes get into the lucky bag receives so many hours' extra duty as a gentle reminder to be more careful in the future. His name goes on Jim- my [illegible]' time book, and when there is [illegible]tra labor to be performed he is called upon to assist.

This is usually the lot of the "lands- man" who has not been aboard long enough to "learn the ropes."

After they are taken from the line the stops are taken out and the clothes rolled in such a manner that they need no ironing. These rolls are then tied at each end with the stops and are stowed away in the clothes bag. In this way all his clothes, both blue and white, are kept clean, and when Sun- day morning comes and there is gen- eral inspection on the quarter deck he has no fear of being reprimanded for having on a soiled uniform.

The hardest things of a sailor's outfit to wash are his blanket and hammock. The hammock forms part of his equip- ment, but belongs to the ship. He is, however, required to keep it clean. His mattress and blanket are lashed into the hammock and stowed in the nettings or crates provided for that purpose.

Every day a couple or more men are detailed to stow them away and at night to break them out. It is this handling so much that gets them fear- fully dirty, especially while a ship is coaling. When washing his hammock, a sailor lays it flat on the deck and uses a wire brush to get it clean, with the assistance of soap and lots of "el- bow grease."

In visiting a foreign port and before the ship has come to anchor it will be surrounded by "bumboats," generally bringing out washerwomen, who are usually negresses and who clamor for any work in the laundry line. They do good work and charge very little for it. They always show their refer- ences from the last ship and always want a new one to add to their already long list.

It is in wet and stormy weather that the sailor has his own troubles trying to dry his clothes. Round the uptakes of the smokestack there is a drying room in which clothes may be hung, but as they grow yellowish when long there often this room is used as little as possible. In the newer men-of-war there are installed washing and drying machines which greatly facilitate the laundry work, making it inexcusable for a sailor to have soiled clothes. This machine, which dries clothes by centrifugal motion, does the work rap- idly and well.

These machines, which are being added to all the new ships, will in time do away with all hand work. The old familiar sight of a long line of clothes strung from bow to masthead will no longer be seen, and the boat- swain's mate will forget how to pipe, "Scrub and wash clothes!"

A Queer Practice.

A queer practice which is general throughout all the tribes of Australia is the ribbing of the skin. When the children are still young long cuts are made across the chest, down the up- per arm and leg and even across the back and ribs. While the wound is quite fresh the cut is opened and a mixture of mud is grafted in, the skin being pulled as far as possible over it. The skin eventually grows completely round the mud filling and forms ridges varying in length and size from an ordinary lead pencil to the thickness of a man's little finger and extending from armpit to armpit. I am informed that while the healing process is going on the pain is ex- quisite, but the result seems to satisfy all parties concerned.—London Stand- ard.

The Brave Butterfly.

Here is an unorthodox story of King Solomon: One day a butterfly sat on the king's temple and boasted to his wife. "If I chose I could lift my wing and shiver this building to the ground." he swaggered. Solomon, overhearing, sent for the boaster. "How dare you?" he thundered. The butterfly groveled. "I did it to impress my wife," he pleaded. The great monarch was in- stantly appeased and let him go. "What did Solomon say to you?" gasp- ed a quivering wife five minutes later. "Oh, he begged me not to do it," said the butterfly airily. And Solomon, again overbearing, smiled.—Chicago News.

THE HINDOO FAKIR.

His Patience and Skill In the Bag and Spear Trick.

The feat known as the bag and spear trick has been considered one of the greatest of the Hindoo magician's art. In this trick, says a writer, the Hindoo fakir has his assistant get into a sack, the mouth of which he firmly secures, and then unceremoniously hurls his helpless victim to the ground. With- out a sign of warning the fakir drives his spear through the center of the bag.

After withdrawing his weapon, upon the point of which no blood stain ap- pears, the fakir stands and gazes dreamily over the heads of the specta- tors. The body within the bag flound- ers about as if in mortal agony. At last, when the occupant is apparently dead, the fakir again plunges his spear into the motionless body. The same antics are repeated. Then the fakir releases his attendant from the bag, and he steps out without a scratch upon his body.

Although the trick is performed with all the carelessness imaginable, it calls for more patience, skill and exactness than any of the so called black art achievements. From the time the at- tendant enters the bag both fakir and assistant count every breath they take. When a stated number of breaths have been taken the fakir makes his thrust, and the occupant in the bag is pre- pared to avoid it. Then the count be- gins again, and at the proper time the spear is driven through the bag a second time. In order to evade the spear and make it appear to pass through his body the assistant doubles up in as small a form as possible. His legs are drawn up close, with the chin resting upon the knees and the arms folded round the lower limbs across the shins. When in this position, at the fiftieth breath, the spear passes under the attendant's arms between the abdomen and the thighs.

The slightest miscalculation by either the fakir or his assistant would mean a serious if not a mortal wound for one and an unheard of disgrace for the other.

That fakir and attendant are able so to train themselves to breathe in per- fect unison while giving one of these performances, when the slightest varia- tion in time by either would be fatal, is certainly wonderful.

SOUVENIR FANATICS.

Nothing Is Safe From Those Afflicted With the Craze.

In these enlightened days anything from the limb of a tree to a table nap- kin is liable to be carried away as a souvenir.

A western girl with a well defined case of the souvenir habit, sojourning in New York, was dining at a fashion- able cafe and, being prepossessed in favor of the cunning pewter cream pots with which the tables were sup- plied, calmly carried one away in her muff. Can you imagine her self valua- tion when upon examining her prize later on she discovered carved across the bottom, "Stolen from M.'s?"

A Pittsburg bachelor, wandering into a restaurant, came upon a friend just seating himself with two ladies. The bachelor was invited to join the party, did so, and at the end of the luncheon insisted upon paying the costs. The bill being wrong, he went to the cash- ier's desk to personally adjust the dis- crepancy, where he was informed that the extra charges were for spoons which the ladies had put in their hand bags. And that was the first time he had ever met them!

Upon the occasion of the presenta- tion of a handsome silver service by one of the United States to a battle- ship which was being christened in her honor an elaborate banquet was served aboard ship, at which the serv- ice was used. Society came en masse from the town near which they were anchored, and after the function was over there were not enough forks and spoons with which to lay the tables. And yet these souvenir fanatics would draw their moral skirts aside for fear of contamination with a real thief.—Bertha Reynolds MacDonald in Bohe- mian Magazine.

One on Ma.

They talked during dinner of the anarchists.

"But, papa, what is an anarchist?" little Willie asked.

"Well, my son," replied the father, "he's a person who is always blowing somebody up."

The child turned to his mother. "Then are you an anarchist, ma?" he said.—Argonaut.

Shattered Hopes.

He (anxiously)—I understand your father speaks very highly of me? She—Yes, but he doesn't mean a word of it. He—Are you sure of that? She—Certainly. He does it just to torment mother.—Chicago News.

An Eyewitness.

"Have you any witnesses of the acci- dent?" asked the Brentford county court judge recently.

"Yes," was the reply, "my uncle. He is not here because he is blind."—Lon- don Telegraph.